new masses

15¢ • in canada 20¢ aug. 12, 1947

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP
THE DACHAU
By JOSEPH NORTH

Why Philosophers Flunk
by HOWARD SELSAM

Has Britain Freed India?
by CHARLES WISLEY

BRADLEY OF NYU
by JOHN STUART

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just a minute

You can buy an airline ticket and fly around the world between NM editions; you can board a plane in New York and land in Chicago before you can say New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. You can fly ten thousand miles and drop a bomb on anybody who doesn't like your latest Plan or you can soar above a million people and write Pepsi-Cola in five-mile letters across the sky. Such are the marvels of this Air Age. But we hate airplanes.

Don't get us wrong—we love science, engineering, modern technique and the latest model can-openers. We are not blind to the Electric-Eye nor would we gag the Golden Throat. But we hate airplanes. We hate the four-motored DC 4's and DC 6's and Constellations twice as much as the two-motored models. And when we say to these airborne monsters, "Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred," it is for much the same reason that Miles Standish hurled those words at John Alden. We have been betrayed.

There was a time when we loved the airplane, read and re-read *Tom Swift and His Flying-machine*. And assembled model planes of balsa wood and tissue, not all of which collapsed when the rubber motor was wound. Not even the Army Air Forces disillusioned us as we marched off to labor details singing, "Off we go into the wild blue yonder . . ." It was fun to bum a ride on a cross-country ranging Fort or Lib and in the evenings to sit by the runways and watch the homing flights of B29's come down like great silver birds. And to argue in the barracks at night over the comparative merits of P47's and P51's.

Now it's different. All day—and worse, all night—they're flying over our house. Low and roaring. Every westbound flight out of New York, they fly over our house. Sometimes it seems as if they can't miss the top of the building. That if they let down their wheels you'd find their tire tracks across the tar on the roof. They drown out conversation and even though we're listening to the night game on the radio we don't know till the morning paper what happened in that crucial inning. Maybe you've got to take all that in an Air Age. OK.

But when every night just as your wife tiptoes away from the bassinet and whispers "Sh—she's sleeping!" one of those big buzzards roars over and you hear that wail which is mightier than all the 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney motors that come out of LaGuardia Field—well, who's got a secondhand ack-ack gun for immediate delivery?

Of course one way to find out what happens at a ball game is to go to one, and that's what we did last Tuesday night. Together with 38,401 others, including several big-league scouts, we went to the Polo Grounds to see the all-star battle between the Negro American and National Leagues. It was a big night and we wish we had room to tell all about it, with a play-by-play report.

The turn-out was the largest ever seen in the East for this annual event and all but a tiny number were Negroes. The success of Jackie Robinson, Larry Doby and other Negroes who have been admitted into organized (white) baseball has aroused keen interest in the teams and leagues which produced these stars. Teams which are never mentioned on the sport pages of the commercial press—the Newark Eagles, Birmingham Black Barons, New York Cubans, Kansas City Monarchs, Baltimore Elite Giants and the other clubs of Negro professional baseball.

There was plenty of action: slashing line drives, lightning fast double-plays, brilliant catches and a couple of crucial bobbles, and the American Leaguers won 8 to 2. There was some audience participation too. As each player was introduced and his home-town given—Memphis, Atlanta, Havana—the fans who had emigrated from those regions applauded loyally. But when one player was announced as coming from Jackson, Miss., a swelling groan rose from the stands. And when another was presented from that same town there were cries of "Bilbo!" and the boos were something to hear.

L. L. B.

new masses

established 1911

VOLUME LXIV, NUMBER 7

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Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LXIV, No. 7. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as *second-class matter June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.* Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

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DACHAU GOES TO SEA

by Joseph North

On V-E Day, while the bells clamored in a million steeples, I met a Jew. He was only a little Jew, fourteen years old, a wrinkled pigmy of a Jew whose size was that of a seven-year-old. *"Sprecht Yiddish?"* he whispered. When I nodded, he grabbed my sleeve. "My name is Mendel Teitelbaum," he said. "They burned my mother and father at Auschwitz. My older brother, Motele, they shot here. I am alone," he said, and turned away.

I met this little Jew at Dachau that day of victory, two years ago. He had been liberated after five years in hell. This was the great day. The war was over. I watched the infinitely sacred spectacle of 50,000 men, women, children —walking skeletons—drag themselves to the concentration camp's parade grounds where they welcomed the liberating troops under the flags of the United Nations. The American diplomat, Jefferson Caffery, flew from Paris, in top hat and swallow-tails, to speak to the ex-prisoners. They cheered, they sang, they wept. A few yards back, in the dingy barracks, a typhus epidemic raged. I saw men crumble in their tracks, drop dead before me. Outside, in the blazing Bavarian sun, survivors exulted. Fascism was dead. Their grief had not been in vain. They, the ragged, the diseased, the scorned, had won. They marched with victory.

No, little Mendel, you do not understand. You are no longer alone. Humanity has conquered; democracy, freedom are the victors. They shall be your mother, your father, your older brother, Mendel. You are living in the past, my child, I had wanted to say to him. But I didn't. He had fallen back into the welter of the 50,000, and I did not see him again.

I think of Mendel as I read the odyssey of the *Exodus 1947*. I read that most of the 4,500 who sailed on that ship are alumni of torture—survivors of Dachau, Auschwitz, Ravensbrook. . . . Certainly Mendel must be among them.

Two years since V-E Day, since liberation. The concentration camp has taken to sea. Dachau floats. It has acquired a keel, a turbine, masts—a tremendous scientific advance. When I saw the starved, the tortured, the ragged remnants of men two years ago they tottered on the firm, brown soil of Bavaria. Today they need sea legs, in the holds of the British ships, and again they are starved, tortured, ragged remnants of men. Remnants? Today I read they have refused to land in France. "We go either as live men to Palestine," they say, "or as dead men to France." Ragged, yes; tortured, yes. Broken, no.

There is another difference in their status. Their captors no longer speak German. The orders are in English. Can you understand English, Mendel? Can you talk the language? Do you recognize the word "Jew"? Not too different from the word *"Jude,"* is it? Anybody taught you the word "liberty" yet? "Democracy"? Say it slow, Mendel, you can get it. Or the word "humanity." These are good English words, Mendel, you didn't hear them under Hitler. You must study them in the spare moments you have down there in that hold between meals, and until you get that next drink of water. The New York *Times* tells me they didn't give you water for twenty-four hours. There is plenty of time then to study the new language, Mendel. Try it out, son. "Jew," that's easy. One syllable. "Liberty" might be a little harder, "democracy," too. But you'll master them. "Humanity." Just be patient and say them slow, Mendel, you've got time.

There is another word Mendel must learn, the word "imperialism." True, it doesn't sound much like fascism, but Mendel will learn. Jews are a clever people, you know. Smart, they say. Sharp. Mendel will learn.

He probably knows the word Bevin, by now, even while he has not, I am sure, forgotten the word Hitler.

I say the guilt lies at the door of British imperialism. I have my differences, as do millions of Jews and others throughout the world, with the Irgun, but that is not the issue. I do not see eye to eye with the Jewish Agency or Zionism, but that is not the issue. And I scorn those in the British Parliament who cheered Bevin when he pointed the finger at the Jewish Agency. He reminds me of the old Yiddish story of the culprit who had killed his father and mother and pleaded mercy before the judge on the grounds that he was now an orphan.

Bevin, *you* are the murderer. You are the terrorist. And I say that our government shares the guilt unless it joins with others in the United Nations to revoke Britain's mandate over Palestine, and moves with certainty to end the bloody police-state rule there. I say our government, so experienced in using the words "freedom, democracy, independence," must stand up for the rights of Jews to a homeland in Palestine. Must call out for an end to the horrible deportations, the executions of Jews in Palestine. Dare we be silent while pogroms rage in Tel Aviv? I say we must end the power-and-oil politics making a shamble of the lives and aspirations of both Jew and Arab in Palestine. Our country must demand that Washington use the UN machinery to end the war against the Jews of Palestine.

This is what simple humanity demands. This is what justice to Mendel Teitelbaum demands.

I should be totally insensate if I counseled him further patience. I cannot rest until the world becomes his mother, his father, his elder brother. I cannot rest until he stands free, erect, looking all men in the face and saying, "I am an equal among equals."

I want to hear him say, "I am no longer alone."

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BRADLEY of NYU

Rankin tried to push him around; now he faces jail. How a college professor educates himself.

By JOHN STUART

AMONG my unavoidable tasks was to read the transcripts of hearings conducted by the Un-American Committee. To say that I found them tedious is to say nothing. They held no fascination unless you are fascinated by laboratory reports on cancerous tissue or by maggots at work. I was revolted to find how utterly scornful of human dignity the inquisitors are. And I was delighted to see how in the face of outrageous bullying there were men and women who held fast to their rights, not yielding to a group that respects nothing but treachery. I read how one of those subpoenaed would not bend even when Rankin roared that "the next question he refuses, just call up the marshal and send him to jail." The witness happened to be Lyman R. Bradley, professor of German literature at New York University and a member of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Later I saw in the press that Bradley and fifteen others had been cited for contempt; that eleven of them, including Bradley, were fined and sentenced to prison; and, finally, that Bradley had been removed from the chairmanship of his department at the university.

I was curious about this man, what made him tick, and why large numbers of the student body had rushed to his support. I found soon enough that he was not a campus landmark or one of those tweedy personalities who get themselves talked about because of their studiously cultivated charm. Every college has such figures. They have an enormous glibness about absolutely nothing and less discerning undergraduates, until they learn better, are quite impressed. Bradley is not of this breed. And I discovered that the warmth and affection students have for him come from the warmth and affection he has for them.

On a Friday morning at 10:30 I met Prof. Bradley on the seventh floor of New York University's South Building — part of a group of buildings heaped on the east end of Washington Square. Theirs is a mongrel architecture—a little Gothic, a sprinkling of Empire State and a heavy dash of your local garage. But for all the lack of greenery—except in the large stretch of Square — there are young faces around and books under arms and enough quick sandwich and soda joints to let you know that a school of some sort is in the neighborhood.

Dr. Bradley lit a cigarette for me and we sat back and began to talk. His office is half of a fairly large room housing the Modern Language Association, one of the best known of professional groups devoted to literary and linguistic research and a constituent organization in the American Council of Learned Societies. While waiting for him I had thumbed through the Association's catalogue of published works. There, lo and behold for the scholarly eye, were such titles as *Volkssprache und Wortschatz des Badischen Frankenlandes Dargestellt auf Grund der Mundart von Oberschefflenz;* or *Repertoire des Lexiques du Vieux Francais;* or the intriguing *The Consecutive Subjunctive in Old English.*

Bradley has been the Association's treasurer for sixteen years, handling such matters as Disbursements, Monographs Current Account, the Emergency Fund, Variorum Shakespeare. I thought to myself: here at last is a man who probably knows as much about accountancy as he does about Goethe. And when I happened to say that to him he gave me a wry smile. "In any case," he said, "the Association has more faith in me than Mr. Rankin has."

Lyman Richard Bradley is close to fifty. He is of medium height, wiry in frame. His gray hair has enough of a brownish tinge to make you suspect that the grayness is recent. If I were a reader of faces I would say that his has a marked Yankee shrewdness, the kind of face you see in New England's little towns. Bradley was born in Spencer, New York, which he located as being just south of Ithaca. His family goes way back and he tells you with amusement about the Bradleys and the Lymans and the Spauldings and the Richards who at some point or other in the last two centuries got together in upper New York and farmed their way or got into business or went off into teaching. "The family is pretty close," he said, "even though both my parents now live in Florida after many years in Hartford, Conn. I went to high school there before entering Harvard. I was an awfully dumb kid but somehow or other I managed to catch up and take to languages. My wife speaks a half-dozen of them, shifting from one tongue to another as fast as lightning. It was my father—our whole family life—who taught me the worth of people. He was and is a tough man if you offend his strong democratic instincts. We were taught fairness and justice in dealing with people—not the baseball-lot kind. That's all too simple. Justice in our household meant not sitting on the other man's neck."

THE telephone interrupted; a couple of people walked in. A tall, good-looking graduate student wanted to know about a job he had applied for. No news yet.

Bradley told me the student was a veteran. "One of the good things that have happened to stolid faculty people is the presence of those veterans. They have jerked us out of bad habits. They are not satisfied with showiness and they persist in knowing the answers. They keep us on our toes."

In our conversation I was impressed with Bradley's sense of the practical, his immersion in the present. I inquired how that happened especially since he worked in a field where the past is the present and where men clothe themselves in the costumes of the eighteenth or seventeenth centuries, reliving and retelling lives long since crumbled into dust. "Yes," he said, "that is the great sadness of scholarly work. In my field too many men rewrite the life of

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Goethe or Dryden or Heine. In time they are no longer themselves but shadows or dim images of some scintillant figure in literary history. They become known as 'Goethe' Jones or 'Dryden' Brown or 'Heine' Smith. Specialization warps and narrows them beyond recognition as individuals in their own right. I have tried to avoid that and I think I have made my decision on what I want out of life. Many things puzzle me but I think I have learned that literary history has meaning only in relation to the broad currents of contemporary history."

I asked him to explain; it seemed that at last we had met on the ground where he was most at ease. "I have taught German literature for years—at first badly. I surveyed this period and that. My students took notes and then tossed it all back at me in examinations. I was far from satisfied." And as he said this I could see the man's deep earnestness. "I now teach quite differently although the forms remain pretty much the same. No literature has meaning unless the context in which it was born and grew, the social relations in which it is framed are well understood. The more I study the social basis of literature the more interested I get in society. My students respond better. They and I see the processes of things and they see them in terms of their own lives. I admire Goethe because he was a realist and because he was very much alive in his time. He was an individual of great curiosity although you would never know that from some of the things written about him. That curiosity dug deep and my way of paying tribute to Goethe is to dig as deep as I can."

He went on, stopping only to relight his cigar. "I have been more at ease with myself ever since I have found out these things. It takes a long time for some of us to make such discoveries. Others come on them quite easily and when they are young. Teaching is a relatively comfortable life with relative security. Many men and women choose it with these things uppermost in their minds. And this very choice often makes them meek because nothing must interfere with the patterns they have cut for themselves. It results not only in a conformity with questionable standards set by others but, what is worse, with habits of thought worthy of a corpse. It results too in helplessness and fear—for what else can you do if you cannot teach? The whole process of this inner death is subtle and hard to describe to others unless you have lived with it and seen it every day.

"For myself, I think I have conquered this dread and this helplessness. I find the sources of life in living with others and in working with them. It has given me peace of mind—or what the psychologists call unity of character."

I WANTED him to be more specific—sufficiently specific for a man whom Rankin had personally threatened and who faces three months in prison. He hesitated for a moment, fussed with his tie, and then continued.

"What happened in Germany was part of my ordeal of waking up—although I must say only a part because I went through the depression seeing my best students drop away with a great loss of scholarship to the world. Some of them would have been excellent teachers or important writers. I was angry about it and helpless. And when Hitler came along I saw what he was doing to German literature with his *Kulturkammer* where every writer was screened for racial purity and for his belief in *Blut und Boden*. The Nazis poured German literature into one mold. They decorated it with the swastika and they glorified the mystic and the worst in German writing. To me this was shocking. I saw how literature was being abused to make Germans believe they were masters of the earth.

"It did not take much else for me to decide where I stood in all this. I stood against it. I was shamed by what a good many American scholars in the field of German literature were saying in learned papers. I gave them a piece of my mind wherever and whenever I could. But for me this scholarly—and for the time, fruitless—arguing was hardly enough. There was the little matter of translating thought into action.

"When the war in Spain broke out I joined with thousands of others in helping the Loyalist Republican cause. You remember those days in '36 and '37 and '38. It was a time of great awakening and of great anxiety. We watched every edition of the papers. We collected funds, we spoke, we pleaded with Washington to send arms. Together with Prof. Carleton Brown I organized—it was in 1936—a faculty committee to raise money for the Loyalists. I am happy to say that our committee's appeal was approved and distributed by the university. Faculty committees in other colleges were formed and I became secretary of a

"Monopoly," woodcut by Alberto Beltran, a young Mexican artist.

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loose federation of these committees in the metropolitan area. I was then invited to join the North American Committee established to collect funds and clothing, which it did until Madrid fell and the Spanish Republic was forced into exile. Later the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee succeeded the older group and I was elected to its executive board. We brought relief to Spanish refugees. We established a hospital in France and in Mexico and our funds were distributed by the Unitarians.

"There were a good many people around who resented our help to the Spanish democrats, with the Un-American Committee among the most hostile. The comedy of it is that the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee had had its books examined by the President's War Relief Control Board. We would naturally lose our government certification if it were found that the JAFRC conducted any activities other than those of a relief agency. We still have that certification and tax exemption. But the Un-American Committee has not been satisfied with the Treasury Department's report on our books. We refused to deliver our books to Rankin and J. Parnell Thomas and I personally don't mind going to jail if it means protecting from smear and character assassination those who contributed to our work. Equally important is the need to protect those who have received help from the JAFRC. We will not, in effect, turn over to Franco's gestapo the names of relatives in Spain of refugees who were aided by us.

"We hope the Supreme Court will reverse the lower court's decision. A favorable decision in our behalf will help stop the Un-American Committee's continued abuse of civil liberties, its invasion of our right to live as a free people. Who knows but that it may even mean the end of the committee?"

"All this," I said, "from studying German literature?"

"Gosh, no," he replied. "All this from keeping my eyes open."

Down on West Fourth Street I was given a leaflet by one of the students. They were calling a rally to have Prof. Bradley reinstated to the chairmanship of the German department. "Who is this Bradley?" I asked.

She looked at me sharply. "He is the nicest man around here," she said. "But the nicest."

BIG-GUN WANG

The saga of the noodle-maker and his ancient cannon is known from Shanghai to Shantung.

By EDWARD ROHRBOUGH

A lot of people laughed at Wang when he explained his Idea. He was a big, bashful fellow known to be a good worker, but a slow talker and not an especially fast thinker. What he suggested now was so ridiculous that most of his acquaintances thought he was joking.

"Why can't it be done?" he would ask.

"If it could be done, don't you think our generals would have thought of it? They have fought for years and they know about guns. Or the Japanese and their running dogs, the puppets—would they have overlooked such things?"

It was the only answer he could get from the people he knew, the people who fought with him in the militia of the New Fourth Army. They were strong men, peasants like himself, and unceasing fighters against the Japanese; he respected their opinion.

Yet he couldn't understand why it should be impossible to fire the ancient cannon that lay half-buried near their camp. Such cannon were common in China, it was true. You could see them lying around village dumps, abandoned in a country where weapons were so scarce that men armed only with ancient swords dared to fight against modern machineguns.

The Idea would not leave him alone, so Wang Feng-shan, the noodle-maker of Lien Shueh, talked a couple of his friends into helping him unearth the ancient cannon and clean it up. Studying the piece, he decided it could be fired and it could also be mounted on a cart and pulled by two water buffalo. Thus it would be mobile. It could be charged with the black powder manufactured in North Kiangsu—but there was no shot. For want of anything better, Wang decided to use cast-iron weights of the sort used to balance scales.

Would it be effective? The New Fourth Army and its guerrillas had only one proving ground—enemy positions—and the big peasant wheeled his cannon out against a puppet pillbox near the town of Cha Miao and nervously but determinedly demanded a surrender. He was accompanied by hundreds of villagers who hated the puppets but who had been disappointed too often to be very optimistic. They laughed at Wang and gave him a nickname in mockery, "Big-Gun Wang."

The puppets laughed too, but they didn't laugh long. To the surprise of everyone, Wang included, the first load of scale-weights knocked a hole in the pillbox and eighty puppets streamed out to surrender. The villagers, properly impressed, rushed home to return presently with gifts of cabbages, flour and cakes.

It was the beginning of a saga that grew until today "Big-Gun Wang" is a name known from the outskirts of Shanghai to the Shantung Peninsula. The big, slow-talking peasant, who had wanted to fight the Japanese, had his tools now and the confidence of his comrades. Now he could do something important about getting back the land that had been taxed away from him by his own government and then given to Chinese traitors by grateful Japanese.

Wang was and is a Chinese Communist. Chiang Kai-shek's tax collectors taught him politics when they took seventeen of the twenty mow of land he had been left by his father, and the Japanese completed his political education by impressing him for labor. It remained only for the New Fourth Army to give him a chance to fight. In an early battle he was wounded in the

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"STILL EATING": Jacob Burck's cartoon published ten years ago in NM (July 27, 1937) is a timely comment on US imperialism in China today.

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forearm and while he sat around recuperating, the Idea occurred to him. The victory at Cha Miao was the first material result.

THAT victory so impressed the New Fourth officers that they invited him to participate in their next campaign. Somehow, his buffalo cart got to the enemy position, at a place named Tsu Chi, ahead of the regulars and the local militia asked him to fire a few shots. Wang obliged and knocked out two pillboxes with two shots, capturing 100 rifles and fourteen puppets. The disparity between the number of the guns and the number of the prisoners derived from the extreme terror instilled by the blast which inspired the "running dogs" of the Japanese to run faster than the militia anticipated.

After a few more short campaigns, Wang discovered that his scale-weights were not very effective against stone pillboxes and he decided to improve his projectiles. Technicians of the New Fourth helped him and he began melting scrap iron into round shot, twelve pounds each. He learned to concentrate his charge by putting the black powder into bags. Wang found that the range of his gun was thus increased from 1,000 to 1,500 yards, which improvement was academic since Wang says he usually worked at a range of less than 300.

Wang developed his big gun in 1943. Early in 1944 he fired his first round at a pillbox outside the town of Sun Chi and knocked the top off the fortification. The puppets escaped through a tunnel into a larger pillbox which shivered under the impact of Wang's fire, but held. The puppets foresaw it wouldn't hold long, so they began digging a new tunnel by which they hoped to escape to the countryside.

The big gunner anticipated them. Discovering the location of their digging, Wang and his men dug down to meet them and, just before the junction was made, pointed the cannon down into the hole. Two shots killed seven puppets and convinced the others of the expediency of surrender. Their faces and hands black from Wang's powder blasts, the prisoners crawled out.

The take for that scrap included 100 prisoners, eighty rifles, three machineguns, twelve pistols, and a great quantity of chickens, eggs, cakes and other kinds of food that were brought in and presented to the gun crew by appreciative villagers. At the height of the local enthusiasm, Wang says, one cow and several pigs were brought in on the hoof.

Still a civilian-guerrilla, still engaged most of the time in making noodles, Wang had become a legend in the province by the time he engaged in his first large-scale action at Kao Ko in 1945. The city had seventy pillboxes and walled defenses, but Wang's first three shots knocked the largest pillbox apart and the New Fourth soldiers entered the streets. Then, because many of the New Fourth people were militia and not in uniform, the puppets mistook them for local residents and approached them asking for aid in defense of the city. Wang held his fire until the puppets were close and killed twenty of the foremost with one blast.

A little later in the same battle, Wang discovered a pillbox with walls so thick his shot would not penetrate or crack them. This time he abandoned the big gun and directed his crew to dig a tunnel underneath, into which they rolled a keg loaded with seventy-five pounds of black powder. Someone lit the fuse and the crew scrambled out to hold its ears and wait.

"The house went up," says Wang with a minimum of verbiage.

No one ever knew what the strength of the pillbox had been, for no one bothered to count the miscellaneous legs and heads. There were no survivors.

Even before V-J Day Wang had engaged the enemy more than 200 times with his big gun, and he could not go back to his home at Lien Shueh to live in peace, even if he were willing to accept the government of Chiang Kai-shek without question. His record against the Japanese and puppets had made him too famous as an auxiliary of the New Fourth Army. Ironically, he is considered an enemy of the Central Government because he fought the Japanese so well.

THE big noodle-maker's most famous fight during the present civil war was at Tang Hsin, near the eastern base of the Lunghai Railroad. That time the puppets (now converted into troops of Chiang Kai-shek) formed on the open plain into something like the old British hollow square. Wang's first shot broke the square and the puppets ran for a nearby river in headlong flight. The river was both quicker and deeper than they thought and many were drowned.

Like most puppet troops, those at Tang Hsin had stolen prodigiously from the people and when they dived into the river they left hundreds of bundles which Wang immediately took into custody. The militiamen could not confiscate so much as a piece of bread, Wang told them, because the stuff was not really the property of the puppets. It belonged to the people and he invited them to come and look it over and take their own things home. The population of 4,000 was so grateful for the liberation and the attitude of Wang, exceptional by traditional standards for a Chinese conqueror, that they brought more gifts than Wang can remember. He is certain only that there were eighteen pigs.

Wang is known for his brains now as well as his brawn. He is a representative of his section in the Democratic Government of North Kiangsu which, Nanking communiques to the contrary, still functions smoothly. When I talked to him, he was a little embarrassed, just as he must have been when he first broached the Idea to his friends. I was the first "big nose" foreigner he had ever seen. His speech was slow, but there was nothing faltering about his ideas. The people of China—people like Wang and his gun-crew—will never win the right to run their government in peace until they have convinced Chiang Kai-shek that he cannot rule them by force, Wang told me. The important thing is that, uninterviewed by foreign correspondents, there are thousands of peasants in North Kiangsu who feel the same way Wang does.

NEXT WEEK IN NM

Old-time readers of NM will recall the famous short story, "She Always Wanted Shoes," by Don Ludlow which we published back in 1937. We are happy to announce that in our next issue we will publish a powerful new story by Mr. Ludlow, "Fiesta." We consider this one of the best stories we have read in recent years. We are sure you will agree.—*The Editors.*

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Why Philosophers Flunk

Philosophy in our schools is in a sad state—a dreary parade down a dead-end street. What Marxism offers the professor and the student.

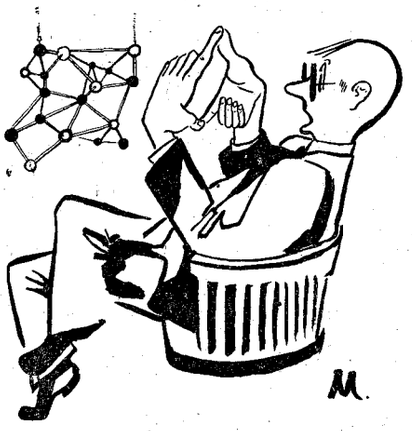
By HOWARD SELSAM

DURING the lifetime of Marx and Engels an American philosophic magazine had as its slogan: "Philosophy bakes no bread but it gives us God, freedom and immortality." A great deal of American philosophy is still giving us God and immortality. In place of bread it offers us values with a capital "V." And the freedom it gives us is that freedom from materialism and from science which today passes under the name of pragmatism and positivism.

The situation in American philosophy is so bad that one eminent and respectable philosopher, Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard, wrote last year: "Philosophers themselves have trivialized philosophy. In scepticism they have lost their nerve. Through emphasis on the cult of resignation they have made philosophy the opium of the intelligentsia. . . . They have sold their birthright for a mess of positivism." That is a sad but true commentary on the contemporary philosophical scene.

Philosophers admit that the status of philosophy in our colleges is a sad one, so much so that four years ago the American Philosophic Association undertook, with Rockefeller money, an examination of the present state of philosophy and of the role it might play in the postwar world. This examination took counsel not only with members of the profession but also with poets, newspaper editors, lawyers, clergymen, business men, government officials and others. They did not, however, talk to workers or trade union leaders. There was a general consensus that something was wrong and "that something ought to be done." The commission labored and brought forth some whitewash, in their report, entitled *Philosophy in American Education*. They complained that "there is not in our contemporary situation an authoritatively accepted body of doctrines called 'philosophy' for which duly accredited spokesmen can pretend to speak." But they never dreamed of inquiring why this is the case, of trying to seek out those forces, pressures and conditions in the contemporary capitalist world which prevent agreement on a scientifically oriented world view. They did not think of asking, for example, why it was that in the period of the rise of modern capitalism philosophers could agree that their one task was how can we, and do we, know the real world. One need only think of the fundamental agreements of such diverse thinkers as Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Descartes and Spinoza to understand this. In the period of the decline of capitalism, on the contrary, philosophers don't even know what to philosophize about.

Is it any wonder that philosophy has fallen on evil days in America? Is it any wonder that students in our colleges either shun it or take it as a snap course? Or that the profession has had a high incidence of unemployment? The students ask real questions and get unreal answers. They seek knowledge of the real nature of the world, and their relation to it, and they are answered by Professor Edman and others with "do you exist? How do you know you exist? Do you know that anyone else exists?" and so on, throughout the whole academic year. A philosopher such as Edman prides himself on his lack of convictions as if that were the hallmark of modernity in the profession. And there are many teachers who take pleasure in the inability of their students to find out what their philosophy is. I know one young instructor who recently boasted: "The first half of the term I teach them one side and convince them of that. Then I teach them the other side and convince them of that. By that time they are thoroughly confused. Then I teach them pragmatism." I don't know whether he meant that confusion opens the way for pragmatism or that pragmatism is the dead-end of confusion. In either case, we can be sure, his students are confused.



Then there is the occupational disease of the intellectual — arrogant aloofness. This is illustrated in another section of the commission report. Speaking of the greatest philosophers it says: "They can see beyond the familiar things and the present human culture, and even civilization itself, to ultimate reality and destiny—and this gives them a kind of authority indeed, that has no limitation of time, place or society." Fortunately, Marx and Engels had no such superhuman vision. They couldn't see beyond socialism and communism and they had "limitations" not only of time, place and society, but of class as well. It is to be feared that our academic American philosophers as a whole neither can achieve, nor can wish to achieve, any genuine understanding of why philosophy has fallen on evil days. With rare exceptions they are spokesmen of a dying class, time-servers in educational institutions ruled over by finance capital.

WHILE there is a considerable amount of open outright idealism being taught and written in our universities, the two most influential currents are those of positivism and pragmatism, the reactionary nature of which Lenin exposed in 1908 in his

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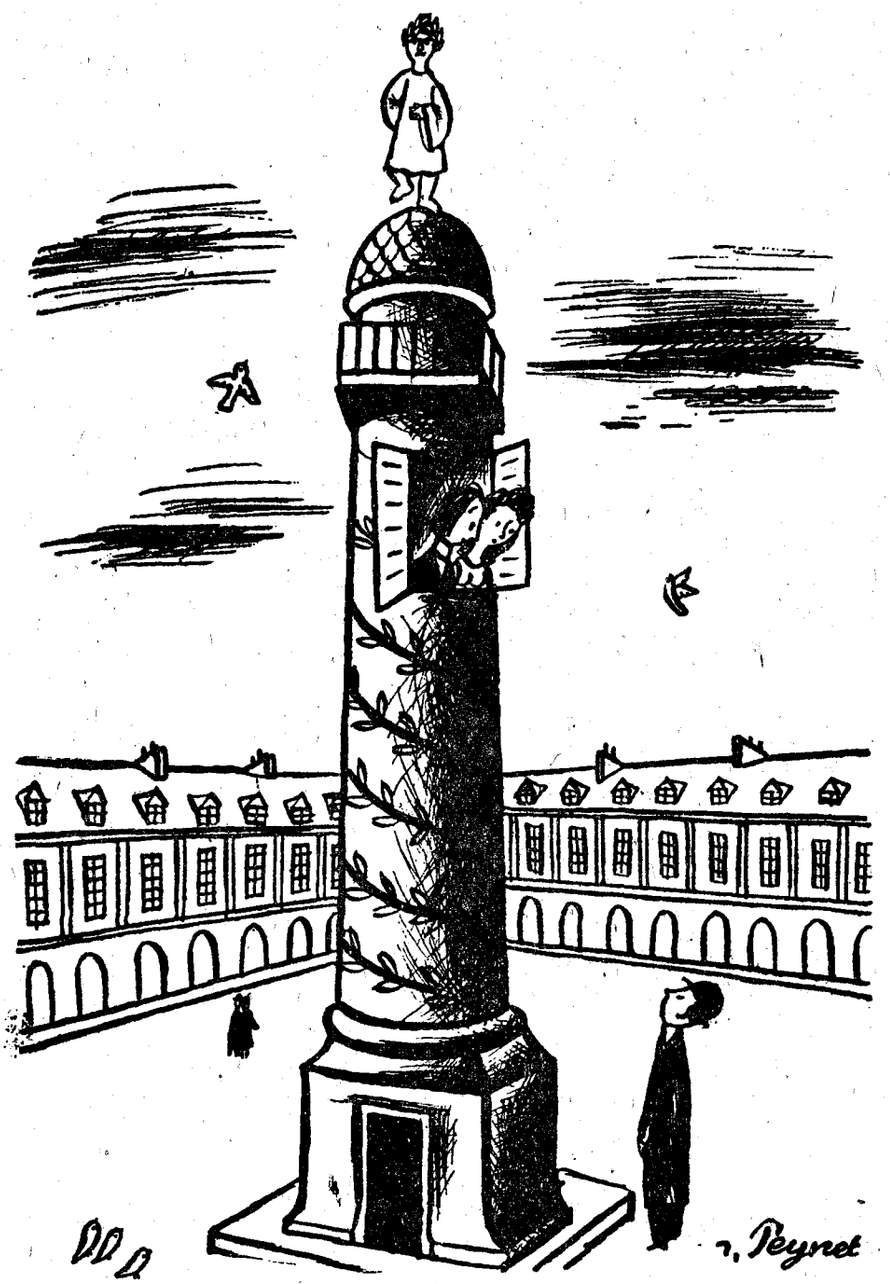
book *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*. Of these pragmatism is native to America and has had the greatest influence during this century. Its leader is John Dewey, who began his philosophic career six years before Engels wrote his classic book on Feuerbach, with an essay purporting to show that materialism was a self-contradictory philosophy now and forever after. From that time to the present, Dewey, with the most extraordinary verbosity and belligerence, has been attacking the belief in causality, in atoms, in an objective world revealed by our senses. Masquerading as the philosopher of science *par excellence*, Dewey persistently denies that science is knowledge of a real world that exists independent of our experience, and he evades any such pointed questions as: did the world exist prior to man? or, does the sun exist prior to, and independent of, our knowing it? Though never having given a sign of the slightest reading of Marxism he is always ready to call it names. He liked the Soviet Union during the NEP period when he was convinced the USSR didn't know where it was going, and turned venomously against it when the First Five Year Plan gave proof that the Soviets knew where they were going and were going there.

Dewey glorifies activity for the sake of activity, and asks of an activity only that it lead to more activity. He glorifies the experimental approach to all problems of life and society, but denies that anything is an experiment if the outcome is not completely unpredictable. He glorifies an Emersonian individualism in a society dominated by the few individuals of the great monopolies. He is represented as the philosopher of change and progress, but he objects to giving direction to change and makes progress consist essentially in an inner, moral transformation, in a psychological revolution. He introduces class forces and class struggle in interpreting the history of philosophy, but since *his* advent on the scene our problems are not to be solved by class struggle but by his "method of intelligence."

It would be of little use to talk about Dewey outside of professional philosophic circles were it not that his influence has spread over our whole educational theory and practice. In some ways, it must be said, he has made a contribution, but his influence has led away from directed, planned activity, and away from a science of society. It is no accident that Dewey's philosophy finds its practical outcome in the political malpractice of Social Democracy and Trotskyism, of Norman Thomas, Dubinsky, and the so-called Liberal Party. In the last analysis it provides an effective defense of American imperialism.

Positivism, or logical positivism, as it is better known—the same thing under a different name as the empirio-criticism, or Machism, Lenin attacked thirty years ago—is largely an importation. It was brought here in the late Twenties and early Thirties in the works of Viennese writers and their young American disciples, and then by the leaders themselves as refugees from Hitler. Having persistently misunderstood the forces in European society which brought about and made possible Hitler's rise, they came here to teach us their own confusions, dressed up as the very latest thing in philosophy. Actually, it is simply a restatement, in more modern form, and with constant reference to contemporary physics, of the eighteenth century philosophy of David Hume. Long ago Thomas Jefferson called Hume "that degenerate son of science, that traitor to his fellow man."

Hume's philosophy, like positivism



"Well, one thing—dust can't get in the corners." A Parisian comment on the housing shortage from "Les Lettres Francaises."

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today, holds that all we can ever know are the sensations and complexes of sensations in our own minds and that to go beyond these to matter as their cause, a world of nature in space and time, is "metaphysics," "mysticism" and the like. The positivists hold that science is only the most effective, most economical way of linking together our sense experiences into a workable system. In doing this they deny that science is real knowledge of a real objective world.

One of these Vienna refugees, Philipp Frank, a man who had the "distinction" of being criticized by Lenin in 1908 and now works at Harvard, writes how needless it was for Galileo to get into trouble with the Inquisition. It was not his scientific work but only his stubborn refusal to accept a positivist position that caused the trouble. If Galileo only had said that his theories on the solar system were merely the most economical device for linking together the observed movements of the planets and not an account of what really takes place—namely that the planets *do* go around the sun—everyone would have been happy. The Church could have continued holding its view and science remained unmolested. (The very same thing can be done with Darwinism and the origin of species, and this too would avoid any conflict with orthodox religion.) Is it any wonder that Lenin called these people apologists for clericalism and accused them of following the lead of the clerics in their philosophy?

Professor Frank, in 1935, wrote an article on philosophy in the Soviet Union. In that piece he became very chummy with dialectical materialism, calling it, intimately, "diamat." His conclusion is that it would be a very good philosophy, indistinguishable from positivism, if only it would give up two outworn metaphysical ideas. The first is dialectics; the second is the idea of matter as something that exists objectively.

In other words, dialectical materialism would be a good philosophy if it weren't dialectical materialism—that is, if it committed suicide.

SUCH are the dominant forces in our universities; outright idealists on one hand, pragmatists and positivists on the other. There is a protest, and it can be predicted that the protest will grow in the years ahead. Professor Roy Wood Sellars of Michigan, one of the older men in American philosophy, has at last called himself a materialist, and is leading a struggle against positivism, in which he doesn't hesitate to make good use of Lenin's philosophical work. A group of younger men, too, in the universities, are becoming increasingly willing to study the Marxist classics and Soviet philosophical materials, while increasing numbers of students are finding in Marxian materialism an answer to the hollow humbug of our prevailing academic philosophy. This is specially true among the war veterans who are finding that the class struggle exists in philosophy as well as in society at large.

If American philosophy is to progress in the years ahead and serve a useful purpose it will have to recognize that philosophy cannot be "safe" and significant at the same time. Unless it has the courage to face the issues of the world today with honesty and conviction it will not achieve hold on wide bodies of people. As Marx once said, philosophy will be realized by a people only when it expresses their interests and needs. In other words, the people will go to philosophy when it is willing to go to them with the aim of clarifying their problems and guiding their struggles along progressive lines. It can do this only by renouncing all idealism and obscurantism, no matter how subtly disguised, and standing four-square with science and scientific method as applied both to nature and to social development.

To this progressive and scientific end, Marxism offers the following simple guiding principles:

1. That there is an objective world, existing independent of human consciousness.

2. That this objective reality is material, not mental or spiritual; that is, it operates according to laws of matter in motion and not in accordance with purposes, aims or other characteristics of human behavior.

3. That the world consists of events and processes in complex interrelation and interaction, and is in constant change and development through its own inherent contradictions.

4. That thinking and consciousness are functions of material organisms of a specific kind, or, in other words, that thought is derived from matter and not vice-versa.

5. That our thought is determined and conditioned by our material and social environment, and that we cannot escape from our time and our class relations any more than we can escape from our skins.

6. That in capitalist society the working class alone is impelled to seek an ever more adequate and scientific knowledge of the world and of social processes. Only by expressing the needs and interests of the working class, therefore, can philosophy and science advance without the restrictions imposed on them by reactionary class interests.

7. That through our knowledge of nature, ourselves, and our social relations and processes, men are able to master this nature, themselves, and their social life, in order to achieve an ever increasing standard of living, and ever widening freedom.

These are perhaps the most fundamental contributions that Marxism has to make to contemporary philosophy.

The struggle over these principles is an integral part of the whole class struggle taking place in the world around us. Marxists in philosophy must insist on their right to be heard and must be supported by all progressive sections of the people. The misty curtain spun of philosophic cobwebs must be lifted.

It can be said without any hesitation that there will be no significant philosophy in the United States, in our schools, in our books and magazines, until Marxism, until dialectical materialism, is accorded a respectful hearing—until it is accorded a place equal at least to that of any other school, until it is freely and honestly taught in our universities without fear of reprisals. One hundred years ago it was being born. Today it is a force so strong that philosophy teachers fear to use the word materialism lest a student say "dialectical," and the other way around.

But the philosophers themselves can scarcely be relied upon to clean their own house. Only the people, only the working class in the march of historical events, will bring that new breath of air necessary to make philosophy serve the cause of building a better world and of helping men to achieve their freedom.

Dr. Selsam's article was one of the papers read at a recent Jefferson School forum on Marxism and America. It appears here as part of NEW MASSES' *series celebrating the hundredth anniversary of "The Communist Manifesto."*

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The Negro Press Looks at Red-Baiting:

RANKIN RANKLES US

Believe us, it is no pleasure to give space in our valued editorial columns to Representative John Rankin, but we are compelled to take note of fascism whenever and wherever it appears, so we cannot help but take note of the comment of Drew Pearson a few days ago before a judge of the House Un-American Committee. Pearson submitted a confidential report telling about a secret meeting of the House Un-American Committee which revealed that Rankin convinced the group that they should not investigate the Ku Klux Klan. The Congressman contended that the Klan was a "native American organization," whereupon the House Un-American Committee voted to drop their planned investigation.

Meantime as the House Un-American Committee by-passes the Klan, to which it apparently feels a very spiritual kinship, it prosecutes sixteen members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Apparently in some circles in Washington it is no longer fashionable to be anti-fascist or anti-Klan. How long will this inquisitorial action of fascist-minded, Klan-minded men go on in the name of representing real American interests?

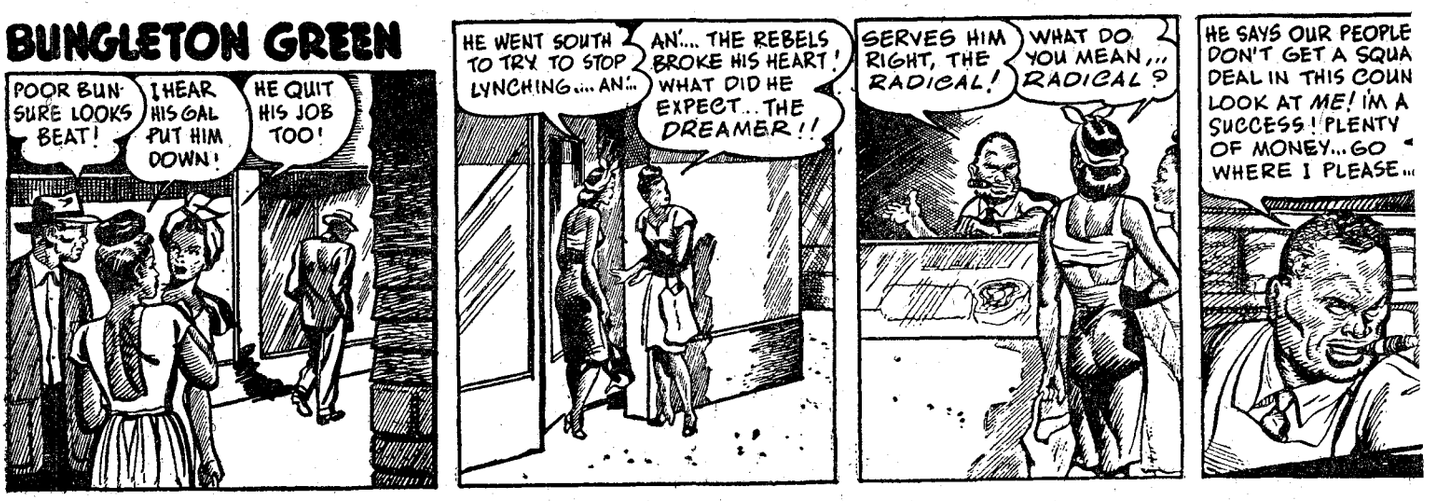
The spectacle of fascists investigating democrats can do us no good either at home or abroad. It is about the best way we know to alienate friends and lose influence. Wake up, Washington.

LEFT: An editorial from the *Chicago Defender*, July 5.

PATTY-JO 'n' GINGER

"You're stocked pretty heavy, Leo . . . Aincha scared they'll be viewed with alarm by that new committee an' tagged un-American beauties?" From the *Pittsburgh Courier*, July 12.

BELOW: "Bungleton Green," by Jay Jackson. From the *Chicago Defender*, July 5.


BUNGLETON GREEN
POOR BUN- SURE LOOKS BEAT!
I HEAR HIS GAL PUT HIM DOWN!
HE QUIT HIS JOB TOO!
HE WENT SOUTH TO TRY TO STOP LYNCHING.... AN'...
AN'.... THE REBELS BROKE HIS HEART! WHAT DID HE EXPECT.. THE DREAMER!!
SERVES HIM RIGHT, THE RADICAL!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN,.. RADICAL?
HE SAYS OUR PEOPLE DON'T GET A SQUA DEAL IN THIS COUN LOOK AT ME! I'M A SUCCESS! PLENTY OF MONEY... GO WHERE I PLEASE...

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Notes on the Eisler Trial

Nathan Hale and the Punch-Drunk Witness

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

PROBABLY the prosecution has seldom rested so painfully and so uneasily as it rested in the case of the United States *versus* Gerhart Eisler. Asst. US Atty. William Hitz first claimed that it couldn't rest, it wouldn't, unless the court would guarantee the government the right to call back Manning Johnson as a witness. He is the renegade who formerly was a district organizer for the Communist Party in Buffalo, and now is a key government witness.

Johnson had tried to place Canadian and US Communist leaders in a meeting with the defendant, who is on trial for making statements in which he allegedly concealed what the government claims were affiliations with the Communist Party, USA. When the defense claimed, and the government finally admitted, that the two Canadian leaders, Tim Buck and Sam Carr, couldn't have been at such a meeting because they were imprisoned at the time in Canada, the defense attorneys charged that this invalidated the entire Johnson testimony.

Mr. Hitz at the outset of government admissions, after four days of checking and investigating, said weakly, "The government . . . still relies on Manning Johnson." The court stared at the handsome and usually imperturbable features of Mr. Hitz, now suffused with color, and Mr. Hitz went on to explain the government theory. Apparently, instead of seeing it as a simple matter of perjury, the government was clinging to Johnson's story, but instead of Buck and Carr, it was two other guys he met.

The next day, as the government and the defense did get together and stipulate much more than the government originally would agree to stipulate, Johnson arrived back in town. Mr. Hitz, stalling for time, wanted to rest his case but to put him on later. (Apparently it would take time to re-work Mr. Johnson and make him stand up before the jury.) The court refused, but ruled that the government could ask later, and argue the matter. So the government rested.

! AT WHAT HOTELS DO
STAY... WHERE'D YOU
AND GET YOUR
UT? TO WHOM DO
L YOUR GROCERIES?
HE PENALTY IF YOU
NCHED...? SHALL
N.... ?
GET OUT! YOU DIRTY COMMIE!
I'M A REALIST, CHUM! YOU'RE AN OSTRICH! NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO REFUSE TO SEE!"

●

ARGUING on motions for a directed verdict of acquittal and to strike portions of the indictment, A. J. Isserman, chief defense counsel, challenged the constitutionality as well as the reasonableness of a visa application form which requires an applicant to list all the organizations to which he belonged, without time limit. And he hit at the heart of the government's case in contending that "organizations" did not mean the Communist Party, any more than it did the Democratic or Republican Party. To this, Mr. Hitz surprisingly replied that naturally an applicant would not be required to say he was a Democrat or a Republican. However, if he was a Communist, the prosecutor went on, he must answer. Isserman claimed that Eisler had no reason to list the German Communist Party, although he had made no bones about being a German Communist when questioned by the FBI in 1946 prior to his making out the application for an exit visa on which the indictment is based—an application which was granted. And, not being obliged to list the German party, the defense asserted that he certainly was not obliged to list the American Communist Party to which he did not belong. The government claims he was "affiliated."

●

JUSTICE JAMES W. MORRIS presents at all times a picture of a judge who is aware that there are large issues at stake in the trial and is determined to keep the record as free as possible of prejudicial material which could win a reversal for the defense if it goes to a higher court. Lean, he speaks with a dry humor at times, and at other times with an objectivity which defense and government counsel to an equal degree appear to find exasperating. Take the argument made by Attorney David Rein for the defense, on a motion to exclude the word "spy" from one witness' testimony. Judge Morris told Rein it was inescapable that the defendant was interned "because of his part in the Spanish troubles."

"But your honor, they are worlds apart, being a spy, and being engaged in the struggles in behalf of Republican Spain," said Rein.

"It depends on whose spy he was, and where," said Judge Morris, with his disarming smile. "We have rather a great veneration for Nathan Hale. What is there to get all hot and bothered about?"

Rein replied that considering newspaper headlines calling Eisler an "atom spy" (Washington *Times-Herald*), and in spite of the fact that "it is certain he couldn't be interned

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in France for being an atom bomb spy—that couldn't be," he still would like testimony that Eisler was a spy in France ruled out. "I'm not prepared to say that the members of the jury have quite the attitude toward history that your honor has. I think the term 'spy' is opprobrious," he said.

That particular "spy" allusion was ruled out.

●

AT ONE point in the trial, Carol King, one of the defense counsel, and widely known for her defense of Harry Bridges in his long and successful legal battle to avoid deportation, leaned across the defense table. Directing her remark to Robert Lamphier, the blond and baby-faced FBI agent and "Red specialist" who has sat with Prosecutor Hitz throughout the trial and is referred to by Hitz on various occasions, Mrs. King whispered: "This is a frameup." Mr. Hitz appeared upset. Outside the presence of the jury he complained to the court about it. Justice Morris was obliging, but some observers thought they detected a gleam in his eye. He offered to poll the jury to see if any member had overheard the remark. But the offer did not appeal to Mr. Hitz. He declined it.

●

DURING the long trial Atty. Isserman, who conducted all the examination of witnesses for the defense, and Asst. US Atty. Hitz occasionally appeared to get on each other's nerves. Ordinarily Mr. Isserman appeared urbane enough, and Mr. Hitz, who could have attended Harvard or Princeton and actually attended both, seemed the soul of urbanity. But tempers flared occasionally, and the court in a mellow fashion soothed ruffled feelings. A day after one of these flareups Mr. Isserman arose to make what was, reporters gathered, his amends. "Your honor," said Mr. Isserman, "I wanted to inform the court that when I charged government counsel with bad faith I did not mean that I charged government counsel with bad faith *personally*." And Judge Morris, just as if Mr. Isserman hadn't emphasized that "personally" with such precision, beamed and said that that made the court very happy. Mr. Hitz acknowledged it, and even thanked Mr. Isserman—in a frozen voice. The amenities over, they proceeded.

●

IN THE rear of the courtroom throughout most of the trial sat a demure-looking, blue-eyed little woman with dark hair piled high on her head in curls. This was Hilda Eisler, wife of the defendant. Despite her flower-like delicacy, acquaintances say there is a vein of steel in Hilda Eisler—developed through the years when her entire family was wiped out by the Nazis.

During recesses she chats with her husband in corridors, and occasionally with reporters. When asked by this reporter if she did not find, when she spoke in the West and elsewhere on the Eisler case, that audiences of Americans admired her husband for his forthright stand, for the militant statement he was prevented from making before the Un-American Committee, she was silent for a moment. Then, her cornflower blue eyes gazing off somewhere, her manner matter-of-fact, she replied: "I think he has taught many how to fight."

●

WHEN Defense Attorney Isserman had scored his first real victory, and left witness Joseph Zack Kornfeder punchdrunk on the witness stand after admitting sadly that it was true his testimony of that day was not the same as his testimony of the previous day, Eisler was asked, during a recess, if he didn't feel good. "Of course." he said, smiling the ebullient smile which breaks forth occasionally even in the courtroom. "But I always feel good."

"I believe you," said this reporter. "And how do you do it? Do you get lots of sleep, exercise regularly, or what is it?"

"No, I am up every morning at six o'clock," he said. "I walk, when I can. But it is always the same. I cannot help it. What goes on here—I see it as a comedy. All the solemn FBI, the newspapermen who take FBI men along on interviews, the spies and rats, so undistinguished from all the spies and rats in Germany, France, Austria.

"Long ago," Eisler said, "as a young man, I was sent on dangerous military missions from which, I was certain, my army superiors didn't care whether I returned or not. I learned then how to take things serenely—simply to realize that oneself was not of very great importance."

●

AT TIMES the exuberance of the defendant appeared somewhat unsettling even to his lawyers. Early in the trial he was present when I told his counsel that I had overheard a deputy marshal on duty at one of the doors say, with the room filled with prospective jurors, "What they ought to do is take the whole push of 'em out and shoot 'em." On being asked what he meant, he said, "The Communists." The deputy was removed from any association with the court for the balance of the trial. At the time when this was being reported to Eisler's attorneys, Mrs. King said, somewhat indignantly, "He probably meant to include defense counsel, too." Attorneys David Rein and Isserman agreed. At this Eisler, chuckling, said, "That would not be so great a loss. If the attorneys get shot, we can always get other attorneys. But where will you get another defendant like me?"

DILLY **By Sam Pollach**

"You'll just have to sell 15 percent more paintings, Mr. Dilly."

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Has Britain Freed India?

A discussion of what happens when the Crown Jewel of Empire is split into many segments.

By CHARLES WISLEY

"THE choice is division or Balkanization. . . . We had to choose the former," said Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, "boss" of the Indian National Congress, recently, as he urged his followers to accept the British proposals for the partition of India. This epitomizes the change in the course steered by India's bourgeois nationalist leadership. They have resorted to semantic tricks to avoid facing the only real and valid alternatives: freedom or colonial slavery.

The nature of this change is even better illustrated by the strange acceptance and hearty endorsement of Prime Minister Attlee's statement on India (June 3, 1947) by such dissimilar characters as Winston Churchill, an outright imperialist, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, until now considered a militant opponent of imperialism.

What has been happening indicates that the present situation in India is due to a crisis of British imperialism as well as of that section of the Indian national movement led by the bourgeoisie. India's big-business and landowning classes, fearing that their position is threatened by popular forces, have readily acquiesced in a scheme whereby Britain hopes to retain a large measure of control and delay the day of independence. The Anglo-Indian agreement is thus based not on freedom and on a genuine solution of the Hindu-Moslem problem; it is a class alliance in preparation for a class war.

The necessity for such an alliance arose at the end of World War II, when the imperialist overlords in India, as elsewhere in Asia, were challenged by the vast revolutionary upsurge of the people. The British felt their hold slipping in 1945 as they grappled with the campaign of the entire country for the release of the captured Indian National Army soldiers, whom they had put into concentration camps on treason charges. The huge demonstrations that took place in Calcutta under the leadership of Communist students and workers, joined by Congress and Moslem League followers, finally forced the British commander-in-chief to accede to the popular demand.

The discontent did not stop, however, but spread to the Royal Indian Navy and Air Force. Demanding equality of treatment with their British counterparts, the men undertook a series of work stoppages and hunger strikes. The most famous of these, the Royal Indian Navy mutiny, began on Feb. 18, 1946, and lasted for five days, involving 20,000 men in Bombay and Karachi. The working class of these and other cities fully supported the sailors and engaged in the largest sympathy strike and *hartal* (general shutdown of factories, transport, communications, stores, etc.) India had ever seen. It was a united movement of Hindus and Moslems in the face of British brutality, which, at the height of the uprising, caused 250 deaths.

The joint Hindu-Moslem freedom front which was being fashioned by these events and which was further fostered by the Communist Party, the Trade Union Congress and the *Kisan Sabhas* (Peasant Unions), together with the progressive rank-and-file movement within the Congress Party and the Moslem League, presented the gravest threat to British rule. At the same time, however, the role played by Congress and League leaders became evident when they declared their opposition to the naval uprising and the subsequent general strike. These leaders did not show any of that unity which their followers had proved to be the most essential weapon in the fight against the British.

THE British Cabinet Mission sent by Prime Minister Attlee to see what could be salvaged from the Indian Empire was quick to take advantage of this situation. Its task plainly was to halt the movement of the masses with the aid of the bourgeois leaders and to undermine the unity of the Hindu and Moslem fighters. It did so in a series of back-stairs intrigues, setting leader against leader, party against party. The fact that it was a Labor Party cabinet mission helped to mask its work. The Indian leaders played into its hands by failing to formulate joint demands. Each negotiated separately with the British in an effort to curry favor for his particular point of view.

The conduct of the Congress and League high commands paved the way for the announcement of the award by the three leaders of the mission: *they* were going to solve the Hindu-Moslem problem, they said, since the Indian leaders were apparently unable to solve it themselves. It was not surprising that, with the best interests of the British imperialists in mind, they thought that the division of India could do the trick.

Knowing that an immediate partition would meet with a violent reaction, the British proceeded in easy stages. The Cabinet Mission's plan of May 16, 1946, laid the foundations by projecting an All-India Union composed of one Hindu-majority region, two Moslem-majority regions and 562 Princely States. The subsequent British statements of Dec. 6, 1946, Feb. 20, 1947, and the recent declaration of June 3, 1947, were supplementary wedges to widen the split. The design has been completed successfully; India is today divided into Hindustan, the northwestern and northeastern sections into Pakistan, and a yet undetermined

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THE EVOLUTION OF MR. ATTLEE

Not even Darwin's fertile brain
Would now successfully explain
How a Fabian soul and scholar
Became a slave to the Yankee dollar,
And dipped the scripture of a Fabian
In Jewish blood, and oil Arabian.

SADIE KLEIN.

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number of "independent" and "semi-independent" Princely States and Federations.

There are just two criteria which need be applied to this scheme to test its value: Does it give promise of independence, and does it offer a solution of the Hindu-Moslem problem? The answer in both cases is no.

A glance at the position of the various sections into which India has been dismembered shows that the British plan, if adhered to, would effectively prevent the attainment of true independence.

1. The Princely States, scattered over two-fifth of India's territory, have for the last one hundred years been recognized as "royal instruments" and "breakwaters" against possible insurrection. The British Crown will relinquish its paramountcy over the States on Aug. 15, 1947, according to Prime Minister Attlee's declarations, but it will not pass its superior powers on to any government in India. This means that the rulers of these feudal anachronisms are free to do whatever they like. Already two of the largest and most powerful states —Hyderabad and Travancore—have declared their "independence." Others are likely to follow. They will constitute military bulwarks for the defense of British interests. It is significant that Hyderabad has not demobilized its wartime army of 100,000 men trained by British officers. Travancore has appointed its own Trade Commissioner in London and has sold to the British all rights to the development of its rich thorium deposits. These are just two items from the accumulating evidence regarding military and economic preparations by the Princely States.

2. Two other splinters of India, the Moslem-majority areas known as Pakistan, have been whittled down in area by the partition of Bengal and the Punjab so that they will be unable to exist without close economic ties to British financial and industrial interests. In the event of any internal disturbance, the government of Pakistan has been placed in a position where it will have to *request* British military assistance as well. There is also the likelihood that such a government, composed predominantly of large landowners, would agree to the retention of British bases in the strategic northwestern section nearest to the borders of the Soviet Union.

3. Hindustan, the largest single component in the new India, will be surrounded and intersected by territories remaining under British hegemony. Should its leaders cut any capers displeasing to imperialist eyes, suitable pressure can easily be applied from a dozen quarters.

To disguise the impotence conferred on India by this plan, the British call it "dominion status." What this means may be seen by examining the case of Ceylon, which is also to receive the honor. In the words of the New York *Times* of June 18, "the new British dominion will differ from other commonwealth countries in not being allowed to secede from the Empire or be independent of Britain in defense matters." It should be remembered that Trincomali, the huge British naval base on Ceylon, covers the approaches to both the east and the west coast of India.

DOES the division of India, then, offer a solution to the Hindu-Moslem problem? On the contrary. Hardly had P. C. Joshi, general secretary of the Indian Communist Party, declared that "the British partition plan will not mean peace but an immediate increase in communal warfare" when it became known that in the period from March 3 to June 23 over three thousand persons had been killed in the Punjab alone and that one-sixth of Lahore, its capital, had been destroyed. Partition and repartition will add fuel to the fires.

The acceptance of the British plan by Congress and the Moslem League is thus an indication of how deeply the leaders of the Indian National movement have fallen into the pitfalls prepared by the imperialists. These leaders have failed to take advantage of the evident British weakness by launching an all-out struggle for independence, just as they have failed to find a basis of unity among themselves as well as a solution to the Hindu-Moslem problem — a political, economic and social problem, rather than a religious one. As a result, they are embroiled in the execution of an unworkable plan.

Under the pressure of Indian industrialists and landholders, the leaders of Congress and League answer the demands of the workers and peasants fighting for freedom with the words, "Don't bother us, we are negotiating with the British."

The uneasiness of the Indian bourgeoisie is manifested by its bickering and bargaining. Indicative of their

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

It is reported that Americans are drinking less but smoking more. This comes as good news to the prohibitionists who, rather than have us drink, would see us inhale first.

●

The Army indicates that the US is short of scientists. To make matters considerably worse, many of the available scientists have expressed a preference for lengthening the life expectancy of man.

●

The Chicago *Tribune* claims that the UN irritates every sore spot in the world. These include, of course, Colonel McCormick.

●

Senator Bricker, after declaring himself out as a presidential candidate, has endorsed Senator Taft. He should have left well enough alone.

●

Bricker managed to leave the way open for his selection as a "dark horse." The dark horse in this case is the one who means "yea" when it comes out "neigh."

●

A Netherlands official indicates that the inhabitants of the East Indies brought the present trouble upon themselves. To him an Indonesian with a rifle and bayonet is just out to get in Dutch.

●

The movie industry has pledged to clean house, mostly with a view toward sex and liquor. With a view like that house cleaning could be almost a pleasure.

●

Drastic reductions have been made in the State Department "Voice of America" organization. The GOP was the pain in the neck that reduced the voice to a whisper.

●

Answering Stassen's charges, a Dewey spokesman says that the Governor will speak out when ready. After all, the little tyke is just starting to run and can't be expected to talk so soon.

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troubled position are the contradictory statements of the Congress and League leaderships in reply to the various British White Papers issued during the past year. The Moslem League Council, for example, accepted Prime Minister Attlee's June 3 declaration "as a compromise." While endorsing the plan as a whole, the Council rejected the vital section dealing with the partition of Bengal and the Punjab, which has nevertheless been carried out. Similarly the Congress Working Committee accepted the scheme, reiterating at the same time its faith in the unity of India and opposing violently any declarations of "independence" by Princely States.

But the working class and peasantry are expecting the nationalist leaders to take action *now* to banish poverty, famine and disease. They insist upon agrarian reform through the abolition of landlordism and industrial reconstruction through nationalization. The persecuted people of the Princely States demand help to cast off the yoke of their tyrannical rulers. The Pathans in the northwest, the Bengalis in the East and the Keralas on the southern tip of the sub-continent—and all India's eighteen nations—want democracy and self-determination in order to develop their languages and cultures. And the workers subsisting in overcrowded cities on starvation wages are engaged in a strike movement of unprecedented proportions to gain better living conditions.

The followers of Nehru and Mohammed Ali Jinnah expect their leaders to point the way to peace and prosperity. These leaders have been sucked into a scheme which denies independence, which perpetuates Hindu-Moslem conflict, and which will embroil India in the Anglo-American bloc directed against the Soviet Union. Their fear of mass action has led the leaders to rely on British imperialists and Indian capitalists.

But this is a makeshift alliance between weak partners. The future of India lies with the people gathered in the Trade Union Congress, the Peasant Unions, the Communist Party, the peoples' movement in the Princely States, and the progressive rank-and-file in Congress and Moslem League. They have already forced the British to offer dominion status, and they won't stop until they have gained freedom.

THE IVY CURTAIN

As NM has shown in recent articles, overcrowding on the campus has reached undreamed-of proportions since the war. Last year many short-sighted educators, instead of welcoming this great surge toward higher learning and fighting to enlarge their facilities, sat tight and hoped the flood would pass over, leaving them with interesting memories and pre-war enrollments. But now alarming figures have been released which indicate that the universities are going to do possibly an even less adequate job this coming school year than last. A survey of seventeen leading colleges in New England shows that at least 60,000 applicants for entry next fall have been rejected, as compared with 10,815 admitted.

For instance: Harvard has turned down three out of four seeking admission. MIT accepted 900 out of 4,200; Dartmouth 650 out of 6,000; Holy Cross 300 out of 4,800; Brown 600 out of 4,200; Williams 282 out of 1,800. Figures are similar for all the colleges cited. True, these Eastern colleges are the most popular, both for scholastic and social reasons; and the rejected 60,000 undoubtedly include a number of duplications. But the figures indicate the trend and underline what John W. Snyder, director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, had to say in his report to the President in May, 1946: that in the 1950's the colleges would have to find room for 3,000,000 students, as against the pre-war high of 1,500,000 (in 1940) and the present 2,000,000 or so.

Of course, some educators have made sincere efforts to expand within the present limits of their physical facilities. But we have yet to read of an indignant delegation of university presidents descending on Congress to insist on the federal aid that would be necessary for the drastic expansion which is called for—the doubling of our college plant. Instead the trustees of the colleges, hoping to cut down enrollments and avoid real expansion, have sought to raise funds only by further taxing the students. Average tuition has risen above the $500 allowed under the GI Bill to cover *all* expenses—books, lab fees, etc., as well as tuition. Dormitory rates steadily climb.

Students, parents, teachers and all who are concerned about the colleges' failure to meet the crisis must look forward to a real campaign this fall to make drastic changes in the thinking of our educators and legislators. A ceiling must be put on tuition fees and dormitory rents. Veterans' subsistence allowances must be raised so ex-GI's are not forced to spend more time working than studying. Several states have no state colleges, including New York: campaigns for these must be pressed. The fight for a free city college in Chicago must be intensified.

These are a few of the jobs that call out for our attention. Some day, we are confident, Americans will not fear to learn from other countries in education as well as in other fields. We could, with the overwhelming approbation of our students, adopt the method used in the Soviet Union of providing free higher education and living costs to the university youth so that they might devote themselves fully to study, unencumbered by the need to make ends meet. It's something our educators—and the people generally—should think about.

BETTY MILLARD.

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review and comment

THE EMPTY YAWN

Any day Sartre's Mathieu may give up thinking and not acting for acting and not thinking.

By WALTER McELROY

THE AGE OF REASON, *by Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf.* $3.

IT WOULD seem that the first novel to appear in English of the best-known exponent of that fashionable latter-day creed, existentialism, stands some danger of being received not as a novel at all, but as a philosophic tract. If this turns out to be a case, Sartre can hardly complain: he will have his own skillful efforts as a propagandist for his philosophy to thank. Existentialism has already declined far below the peak of its popularity in France, where it came into being as an organized philosophic movement during the despairing days of the Nazi occupation. In Germany, however, it is now quite the rage in university circles; and in the United States, a mention of existentialism has become one of the best ways of demonstrating one's up-to-dateness about what's doing in the intellectual world. It will not be surprising, therefore, if *The Age of Reason* wins somewhat more attention than its merits simply as a novel might otherwise have won for it.

The Age of Reason, which is the first volume of a trilogy, *Roads to Freedom,* is a well-constructed and cleanly written piece that does credit to Sartre's mastery of the art of fiction: its handling of characterization, of incident and atmosphere is consistently expert. It displays the competence in dealing with formal problems which Sartre's plays have led us to expect; and, in fact, it is interesting to note the novel's parallelism with the plays in this respect: it is constructed with much of the same adherence to the classical unities of place, time and action.

The place is Paris; the time, two days and nights in the fall of 1938; and the action, what develops from the initial discovery by the central character, Mathieu Delarue, that his mistress is pregnant.

As we follow Sartre's little group of characters in their movements over a period of forty-eight hours—waiting at street corners, drinking at bars, getting in and out of bed—we are constantly aware of the all-pervading atmosphere of anxiety which colors their lives. This is Paris almost on the eve of war, Paris in the time of the struggle in Spain, "Paris, haunted by a phantom wrath." Each of the half-dozen chief characters is preoccupied with his own concerns: Mathieu Delarue, the teacher of philosophy, a timid, evasive intellectual, and his aging and dependent mistress, Marcelle; his friend Daniel, a speculator on the stock exchange, full of self-loathing because he is homosexual; the young students, Ivich and her brother Boris, sullenly rebellious in a still-adolescent way; and Lola, the middle-aged night club singer who is frantically in pursuit of Boris. But these various characters are united in their common anxiety, in their frustration (for each of them, except Boris, is reaching vainly for what seems to be his last chance)—and in their common involvement with Mathieu as he faces a crisis in his life. There are a handful of minor characters, but only one of them, Mathieu's friend Brunet, the Communist, is developed at sufficient length to serve as contrast.

IT IS Mathieu's story. In this character, a philosophy instructor at a Paris *lycee,* a timid civil servant on the verge of middle age, we find the book's most convincing symbol. Mathieu is a man obsessed with the idea of freedom—but freedom without responsibility. He is disturbed, for instance, about the war in Spain, and wishes vaguely that he might help defend the Loyalist government; but he is not disturbed enough to act on the wish. "Swine!" he mutters, reading of the bombing of Valencia, and only feels himself still more guilty. "If at least he had been able to discover in himself a trifling emotion that was veritably if modestly alive, conscious of its limits. But no: he was empty . . ." He envies his friend Brunet, the Communist, who can say: "Nothing can now deprive my life of its meaning, nothing can prevent its being a destiny." And he understands that because Brunet has renounced his pseudo-freedom, "everything had been rendered unto him, even his freedom." But he can only refuse when Brunet tries to persuade him to become a Communist, and upbraid himself afterward: "I refused because I want to remain free . . . I like my green curtains, I like to take the air in the evening on my balcony, and I don't want any change. I enjoy railing against capitalism, and I don't want it suppressed . . . I enjoy feeling fastidious and aloof . . . I'm a rotter." And so Mathieu, when he is confronted by the fact of his mistress' pregnancy, is terrified at the threat of the responsibilities of fatherhood: his one desire, which becomes an overmastering impulse, is to raise the money for an abortion, lest he be obliged to marry her. In the end, he must endure the humiliation of discovering that Daniel, the homosexual, has taken over that obligation, having found in himself a courage which Mathieu lacks. And he asks himself: "Is that what freedom is? He has *acted*; and now he can't go back . . ." He is left alone with the bitter reflection: "No one had interfered with my freedom; my life has drained it dry."

It is easy enough to discern the outlines of existentialist doctrine in Sartre's presentation of this problem of freedom: one sees that it is a problem abstracted from the narrowly limited experience of certain middle-class intellectuals so determined to preserve their illusion of having been born free that even when society forces upon them a recognition of their freedom's limitations, they must still believe that such limitations can only be overcome by an individual act of choice. "To be or not to be"—thus the question is

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posed, as if the individual had merely to decide for himself whether to be free or not, independently of the rest of the world.

WHATEVER may explain the vogue of existentialism in the America of 1947, insofar as it has crept beyond *avant-garde* circles to a wider public —and it would be interesting to examine this phenomenon in the light of current trends toward pessimism among American intellectuals — one cannot help but wonder how much America itself, indirectly at least, may have contributed to the development of such a philosophy. Certainly *The Age of Reason* exhibits very plainly the influence of certain modern American writing of the tough-guy school of realism which has followed in the wake of Hemingway.

Sartre's characters share their close and shut-in world, reeking with the stench of human wretchedness, with the characters of a good many American novels of the last two decades. Here, too, human values are echoes from some remote distance; only selfishness, an overbearing and sadistic selfishness, has the power to move these characters. What chiefly distinguishes *The Age of Reason* from a typical American novel of the tough-guy school is its failure to resort to violence as a way out: there is no shooting; instead the characters seem intent on thinking their way out of their traps.

Otherwise one can easily visualize them in an American environment.

"He yawned," writes Sartre of his hero at the end of the book. "He yawned again as he repeated to himself: 'It's true, it's really true: I have attained the age of reason.'" Perhaps the difference between Mathieu and the hero *a la* Hemingway is really a difference in stages of development. It is not very difficult to imagine Mathieu in the future—perhaps in the next volume of Sartre's trilogy—giving up his habit of thinking and not acting for the habit of acting and not thinking. Then perhaps we shall see this little rabbit of a professor become suddenly a devil of a fellow, boozing and whoring—and perhaps even shooting—with all the repressed violence of the petty bourgeois breaking loose. It was nearly a decade after the First World War that Hemingway published *The Sun Also Rises;* now, two decades later, Sartre, without letting nearly so much time elapse, has pictured a generation already lost even before the Second World War began, but this time we can scarcely feel we are getting something new. Really, we have been through all this before.

Ringside Stable

THE HARDER THEY FALL, *by Budd Schulberg. Random House.* $3.

ON PAGE 343 of Budd Schulberg's new novel, *The Harder They Fall,* Eddie Lewis, the Princeton press agent with money in his pocket and disgust in his heart, thinks to himself: "Thousands of us, millions of us, corrupted, rootless, career-ridden, good hearts and yellow bellies, living out our lives for the easy buck, the soft berth, indulging ourselves in the illusion that we can deal in filth without becoming the thing we touch."

Eddie Lewis, with whitewash and hoopla in his pen, is the buncombe artist for a ringside racketeer. His days and nights are spent in whipping up public appetite for a glimpse of the latest hot number among the fighters in his boss' stable. He occasionally remembers Beth, the girl he loves less than his security and more than his mind can dismiss, and his play, the Great Play to which he will some day return.

The Satan who failed to get behind Eddie is Nick Latka, the predatory puppeteer who owns, rules and ruins his pugilistic peons at a handsome profit. But it becomes apparent early in the book that the villain *par excellence* is the degrading code of values which the free enterprise system makes free with. Eddie's relationship to other human beings, a relationship that he would prefer to be warm and compassionate, is in every instance ground down by the wheel of profit-inspired distrust and exploitation.

To his girl Beth he exhibits the antics of a man fleeing from his conscience while looking over his shoulder in affectionate sorrow. To Toro Molina, the unaffected peasant from the Andes who is bought, sold and destroyed during his short-lived usefulness as a heavyweight fighter, Eddie plays the part of a reluctant vulture. And to the host of other well-drawn lesser partners in this enterprise—some whom he hates, others whom he can like—Eddie finds that he has added himself. He becomes distinguished from them only by his grammar. He appeases his sensitivity by extremes of

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rationalization, liquor, and, of course, profit.

In *What Makes Sammy Run?* Mr. Schulberg told the tale of a man driven by insecurity to the utilization of his aggressiveness and ingenuity for the acquisition of wealth and "station." In *The Harder They Fall* he begins to cut beneath the surface of the vanities and frights of these little men, but one comes away from the book with the feeling that the author has held out on us. He has given us many people, but we recognize them without knowing them well enough. The amalgam is here, but it is lacking in the richness of detail that lends depth to the types he presents. Still to be answered is the question: what makes these people run?

As a commentary on the state of the world—and the author doesn't hesitate to make it so—*The Harder They Fall* has the virtues of simplicity, popularity, suspense and action. Far more than in his first novel one finds in this one passages of great tenderness (Eddie's opening scenes with the stock, but likable bartender) and vividness (a saturnalian episode in which almost every character of the novel participates), as well as scenes of lasting warmth and first-rate reportage. If his types lack depth they at least have the virtue of being recognizably drawn. In his very effective way, Mr. Schulberg manages to impart to each type sufficient poignancy to be arresting. Best of all, I think, are Shirley, who collects defeated fighters, with suspected contempt for their adversaries; Acosta, the little fish in a big pond who goes on struggling long after he has been swallowed; and Gus Lennert, the fighter for whom family responsibilities loom large enough to make any proposition, fair or foul, look legitimate.

There is no doubt Mr. Schulberg means to be taken seriously, and since that is so several questions arise concerning his viewpoint. A score of times he refers in his novel to the level of intelligence of the fight spectators, their "bloodthirstiness," "sadism," etc. Apparently nothing less than decapitation will satisfy them, and by inference they become identified with the Nick Latkas and other exploiters, becoming the biologic pole of the bloody sphere of which Nick is the economic end. Between the "mob's" alleged instinct for the sight of gore and Nick's greed, all that is homely, tender and good is crushed. As an occasional ringside spectator myself, I must defend the "mob" by declaring that I have seen and heard them applaud skill, ingenuity, courage, endurance and even the defeated more often than I have seen them become enraged savages. Significant, perhaps, is the total lack of mention in the novel (although fighters, living and dead, are named by the score) of Joe Louis.

I suspect that Mr. Schulberg will find that the "mob" is no less a victim of Nick Latka and Eddie Lewis' Princeton pen than is Toro Molina. Moreover, there is no need to look into the dark recesses of the mind or to the primitive origins of the human race to discover man's alleged appetite for cruel spectacles. It has been whetted by frustration, periodic wars, crises, humiliations and atom-bomb scares. We can count the freshly dead on page one of every daily newspaper.

Meanwhile, Mr. Schulberg is on his way (running, I hope), and *The Harder They Fall* makes very fine reading.

DAVID ALMAN.

Rubens or Snyders

THE HORN AND THE ROSES, *by Ira Wallach. Boni and Gaer.* $2.75.

LIKE most of its species, this fictionalized biography of Peter-Paul Rubens reads considerably more like fancy than like fact. However, it is interesting fancy, intelligently treated and—except where the prose runs distressingly to fat—well told.

The author leads with his right by taking as the basic premise of his story a theory advanced by art critic Rogers Bordley to the effect that most of the major pieces credited to Rubens were actually done by Frans Snyders, the chief painter in Rubens' studio. As nearly as I can discover, this theory is generally rejected in art circles, although it is known that Rubens, in common with other masters of his day, employed a stable of painters who did a large share of his work. Be that as it may, Mr. Wallach plumps for Frans Snyders, and Rubens is cast as the villain of the piece.

The vices of Mr. Wallach's Peter-Paul are not very engaging. Motivated—rather skimpily, I thought—by a vaguely insecure childhood and several snubbings from persons of rank, and quite understandably discouraged by the realization that he is not a very good painter, Peter-Paul forfeits personal and artistic integrity in exchange

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for money and fame. He marries a wealthy woman and with her money hires the impecunious Snyders, whose talent he has envied from childhood. He becomes without too much effort the most fashionable painter of his time. Throughout the book he behaves with a revolting excess of prudence: he rejects the woman he loves because she is the mistress of his noble patron; acts as an agent for Spain, from which his own country is wrenching a slow and bloodily-fought independence, and can't relax enough to love his rich wife until after she is dead. He ends up with honors and money and a Spanish title (the coat of arms a horn and roses), but unsatisfied and foggily unhappy. As Mr. Wallach writes him, he was ahead of his time in that his qualities—caution, a desire for wealth, personal ambition—were to be the favorite virtues of capitalism when it flowered more fully.

The most interesting part of the book is the background, which Mr. Wallach handles with great vigor, an awareness of history, and, despite a floridity if style, a surprising compactness. He communicates colors, feelings, smells, costumes, manners very well. His scenes depicting the Spanish nobility clinging with painstaking shrewdness to straws while empires slip away are fine, and he gives an interesting picture of the art business—I combine the terms advisedly—of the day. He says some very important things about the artist held captive by commercialism, comment which is certainly valid for our day. However, in his effort to prove Bordley's theory, or possibly merely in his enthusiasm for it, Mr. Wallach has twisted his characters into some odd positions. The principal victim is the unfortunate Snyders. Throughout Snyders is portrayed as a great artist and a man of integrity. It seems to me, however, that he sells his birthright rather cheaply. He goes to work in Peter-Paul's studio in order to get money to marry the girl he loves and, although he is soon rich and remains childless, he stays there for a quarter of a century, painting masterpieces for which another man gets the credit. His revolt is almost completely internal, and I for one found that it weakened the entire book and Mr. Wallach's theory.

Anyway, the book is interesting, and, despite occasional runaways into the beautiful, Mr. Wallach handles language exceedingly well.

MARGERY BARRETT.

Books Received

INSIDE USA, *by John Gunther. Harper.* $5. This enormous book—it is 979 pages long—is in the tradition of Mr. Gunther's other work, and exhibits the same reportorial virtues and the same flaws in thought. It is a lively account of the infinitely diverse characteristics of people and institutions in each of the forty-eight states, qualified by an attempt to show what they all have in common—what makes them Americans, in other words. But once the reader has finished with the entertaining folklore and folksay, the exposes of machine politics, and the honest recording of racial intolerance and discrimination, he will look in vain for deeper understanding of the socio-economic roots of these phenomena. Mr. Gunther is a man of good will. This is something for a man in public life. But it is not enough for an analysis of the American scene, when so much goes on backstage.

THE PORTABLE JOHNSON AND BOSWELL, *edited and with an introduction by Louis Kronenberger. Viking.* $2. For those interested in the tory mind at its best, this is an extremely well edited anthology. It contains the liveliest parts of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and *Tour to the Hebrides,* as well as Johnson's *Lives* of Savage and Pope and the famous *Preface to Shakespeare* which contains the inimitable phrase, "The Poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision. . . ."

GREEK PLAYS IN MODERN TRANSLATION, *edited with an introduction by Dudley Fitts. Dial.* $5. The translations herein are intended not merely to present the Greeks in an idiom familiar to modern ears, but to make them readable at all, after the mayhem practiced upon them by Gilbert Murray and the Loeb Library. Eleven plays are presented in versions by Richmond Lattimore, Francis Ferguson, George Thomson, Frederic Prokosch, David Grene, William Butler Yeats, Edith Hamilton, Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Strongly recommended as an antidote to the sufferer from the stuffy versions of yesteryear.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF FOREIGN POWERS, *by Philip W. Buck and John W. Masland. Holt.* $3.25. A superficial survey of the governments of England, France, the USSR, Italy, Germany, Japan and China. There are such keen observations as "it must be admitted that the actions of governments, at present, profoundly affect the lives of every citizen." The authors show little respect for students who want and need more than expositions that are finished before they are hardly begun. One learns nothing of the economic foundations on which states and their behavior rest.

THE ORIGINS AND BACKGROUND OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, *by C. Grove Haines and Ross J. S. Hoffman. Oxford University Press.* $4. This is a revised and enlarged edition of a book that has not improved even with revisions and enlargements. The treat-

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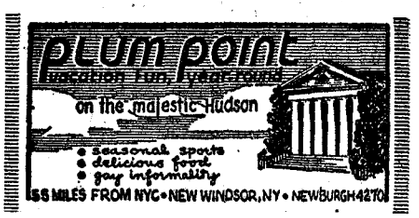
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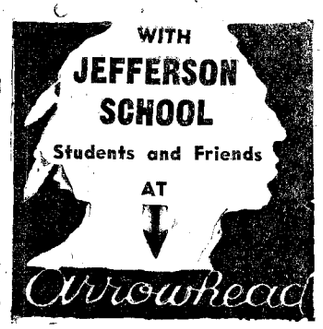

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ment of the Loyalist cause in the Spanish Civil War is shoddy although there is some recognition of the farce of "non-intervention." The book is devoid almost completely of economic motivations, of rivalries in the imperialist orbit and how these paved the way for the politics of the inter-war years.

SOVIET DEMOCRACY, *by Harry F. Ward. Published by Soviet Russia Today, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 3. 15¢.* One of America's distinguished figures writes a beautiful pamphlet on the creativeness of Soviet life. He explains the principles and procedures in Soviet democracy, its economic base, and what the test of genuine democracy is. This is "must" reading for all concerned with improved American-Soviet relations; it is indispensable for those who have been victimized by the myths and nonsense sold them as objective reporting.

FILMS

"TWINS," at the Stanley, is a light, satirical comedy somewhat in the Hollywood manner, but with the freshness of real, non-glamor people. Two sisters, Luba and Lisa, have their lives completely disrupted when one of them finds a pair of lost infant twins and the other insists upon adopting them, a deed which starts a wave of baby-adopting in the community. There is frenzy when the babies are lost for a while, and the old farcical device of mistaken identity is used broadly. But nobody takes any of it seriously, and performers and audience share in the gaiety.

Mikhail Zarov is responsible for most of the laughs as Comrade Yeropkin, an egotistic middle-aged wolf who pursues Luba, but connives to get the twins out of the way. Reminiscent in looks and manner of the late W. C. Fields, he is recognizably human all the way, and creates hilarious slapstick scenes as he caricatures a minor official who uses his office to graft rations and win girl friends. He struts pompously, cringes abjectly when his sins catch up with him, and pokes amiable fun at a character as familiar here as in the Soviet Union.

The continuity is amateurish and sketchy, but Director Konstantin Yudin has made the most of each individual comedy scene and the result is pleasing because of the simplicity and the elemental quality of the comedy. As in most Soviet films, the characters seem to be not actors, but people—and in this case, people having a great deal of extremely good-natured fun.

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and Vera Orlova as Lisa are ingratiating and unpretentious as the sisters, and the rest of the cast are equally light hearted. The twins themselves are very cute, displaying a seemly aloofness toward the tribulations and antics of their elders. ETHEL KLEIN.

RECORDS

THE Twelve Concerti Grossi of Handel are a monumental achievement of eighteenth-century music, one of the pillars on which the music of the entire following century rested. Unlike Bach, who tried to erect a musical bridge between his own times and the Middle Ages, with its communal folk spirit, its amazing structures of scholastic logic, its anguish and exaltation, Handel was wholly the child of his own middle-class times. In these concerti he attacked and solved every problem his times raised of harmony, counterpoint, musical construction, even of orchestration. For one can learn more of the science of handling instruments from these works for strings alone than from many works scored for everything from piccolo to kitchen sink. This wonderful music is given complete, for the first time on domestic records, in a top-notch performance by Adolf Busch and his chamber orchestra. Busch has the scholarship which makes not for pedantry but for freedom. These performances sound wholly within eighteenth-century style, yet make the music more varied and expressive than I have ever heard it before (Columbia 685). Two masterpieces by Bach in a similar style but vastly different in spirit, the Suite No. 2 for flute and strings and the Suite No. 3 with the famous "air," are performed by Koussevitsky and the Boston Orchestra. The reading is somewhat lacking in wit, but magnificent in sound (RCA Victor 1123).

Another member of the Busch family, the conductor Fritz Busch, makes a most welcome return to records in his fine accompaniments to lyrical excerpts from *Lohengrin, Die Meistersinger, Parsifal* and *Tannheuser,* sung by Torsten Ralf. Ralf has a good voice and style, hampered by short breath (Columbia 634). Jascha Heifetz appears as transcriber as well as violinist in an album of charming and impeccably performed little pieces taken mostly from the modern French school (RCA Victor 1126).

It was a good idea for Laurence Olivier, in his *Henry V* album, to speak other roles as well as that of the king, for thus we get some idea of Shakespeare's human scope. The album makes a liberal use of William Walton's smartly modern but not very original music (RCA Victor 1128). A little gem of late Mozart is the Rondo and Allegro for "glass harmonica," performed by E. Power Biggs and a chamber group (Victor K 617). S. FINKELSTEIN.

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